



SATURDAY... MARCH 31st, 1936

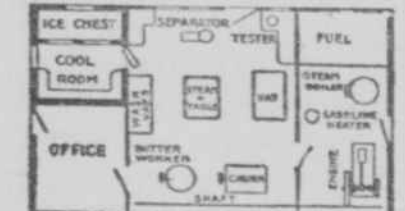


PLAN FOR SMALL CREAMERY

Progressive Farmers Equipping Dairy Buildings with Butter Making Machinery.

Many progressive farmers are now equipping their farms with a good dairy building which may serve as a butter factory or for handling milk for market. The sketch described shows the plans of a very practical dairy on a large Indiana farm, which is convenient and adequate to the needs of a farmer keeping from 50 to 100 cows.

This building is a light frame structure with a concrete floor throughout with the exception of the office. The



A CONVENIENT CREAMERY.

cool room has a double wall filled with sawdust as a special insulation. The ice chest opens by a heavy window to the outside, where the ice supply may be put in. A large upright steam boiler furnishes steam for the engine and power is supplied from the shaft for all the dairy machinery, as well as other machines located outside of this building.

A small gasoline water heater provides steam and hot water for washing dairy utensils when the large boiler is not running, explains the Farm and Home. On a large work table located in the center of the work room is a steam nozzle, which is very convenient for steaming vessels after they have been washed. The drain to the floor of the main work room is located directly under this table, and the surface of the entire floor slopes toward it. This building is so located that besides being the creamery, it also contains the central office and power plant of the farm.

DOROTHY TUCKER'S DAIRY WISDOM.

We have come to the time of the year when we must watch our cows very carefully. A little neglect now will cause serious loss later in the season.

Near calving time cows should be kept warm and out of draughts. If cows are turned into the yards, it should be only on fine, warm days.

It is a good plan to put a cow in a box stall a week or two before due to calve. Then she will become accustomed to her quarters and be free from nervousness.

As a rule, grain should be withheld unless the cow is weak.

Bran mashies should be frequently given.

Plenty of clean bedding should be given to keep the cow comfortable, and also to keep her from slipping.

Oil meal, or better, flaxseed, is highly recommended, fed for three or four days before calving.

Do not let the cows out for the night until the earth is really warm. If the cows lie in cold places at night, it will rob them of vitality and you of milk.

See that the oxen at work are kept shod. A team can be injured much by slipping. Keep a barrel of sand at the door of the cow stable and spread it when it is icy. This method may save dollars in some choice animal.

Clover hay is three times as valuable as corn fodder.—Farm Journal.

Kicking Cow.

The habit may be cured in a very simple way, provided the milker has sufficient self-control and tact in handling animals. Taking a good short whip under the left arm, let him begin his milking as usual, and the moment the cow raises her foot to kick, give her one single cut with the whip. Never repeat this until she starts to kick again, and each time she raises her foot to kick again, and each time resume milking with a quiet stroking with the hand and a kind word. Receiving one cut from the whip each time she raises her foot to kick, the cow quickly associates cause with effect, and gives up an action which produces a painful sting. This method, says the Country Gentleman, is wholly ineffectual if the milker loses his temper and gives the cow several blows; equally so if he neglects to strike her with the whip when her kick does no harm.

Small Farm the Home Farm.

William Smythe in his book on the conquest of arid America says: The great farmer of California is the successor of the gold hunter. Both were speculators. Both looked with contempt upon the matter of making a living and dreamed only of making a fortune. Of homes and institutions they were neither the architects nor the builders. They sought only to take the wealth from the soil and spend it elsewhere. The miner leaves nothing to commemorate the place

where he gathered gold save the crumbling hovels and empty tin cans. The 5,000-acre wheat farmer leaves no monument beyond fields of repulsive stubble and the shanties of his "hoboes."

SHELTER FOR FARM ANIMAL

Is the Barbed Wire Fence All the Protection the Stock Has in Cold Spring Days?

Nothing looks more absurd than to see a herd of cattle on a stormy day seeking shelter behind a barbed wire fence. The folly of this method becomes more apparent when we remember that such treatment demands a large quantity of feed. Animals that receive no shelter require more feed than those protected from the severe freezing weather of winter.

A good shed or shelter for cattle will save at least one-half the feed bill and the cattle will do better. Some stock feeders are of the opinion that building sheds for their cattle is a useless expense. I do not think so, and I believe every fair-minded man will agree with me when I say that a shed will more than pay for itself in one or two winters in the amount of feed it will save for the average stockman.

In order to keep stock in a thriving condition we must maintain the animal heat, declares the Orange Judd Farmer. This is done by feed and as a matter of fact more feed is necessary in winter than in summer to maintain the necessary animal heat. Now the question arises can this heat be maintained by feed, and if this be true, a great saving can be effected by giving stock the required shelter in climates that grow more or less severe at different times in the year. If it is possible to make this saving by providing shelter for the cattle it is apparent that money thus spent will prove a good investment. It has been a matter of much surprise to me that stockmen have not given more attention to this subject. It is a matter of business and a subject of paramount importance.

BUYING A DAIRY COW.

A Most Important and Difficult Task—Some Things to Remember.

Buying a good dairy cow is one of the most difficult duties of farm life. There are many strong points by which to define a good sheep, hog, or even a horse, although one gets left occasionally as to the latter's disposition. But in selecting a good milk cow the best of judges are apt to be mistaken. Appearances are more likely to deceive and all signs fall than in any other farm necessity. In buying a milk cow you may ask the family and also the neighbors whence the cow came and get recommendations as to her qualifications. You may also see that she has all the essential points for your purpose, and yet when you get her home and try to milk her out of her accustomed place and usual manner she is liable to kick you so far that you won't get back to supper. A farmer is very foolish to sell his best cow, and when he does sell very often some defect of the cow is the cause. I was about to buy a family milk cow a few weeks ago, says a writer in the Farmers' Review. I had convincing proof that she was just the thing and a first-class milker. But on closer inquiry I found that the cow had a natural antipathy for children and would chase them out of the yard or pasture whenever they appeared. The former owner had sold her on this account. If one gets a milk cow with all the qualifications for general use, including rich milk and plenty of it, good breeder, good disposition, easy milker, with a good appetite and no bad habits, he has a bonanza—something very rare and not often seen.

HANDY STABLE SCRAPER.

Home-Made Device Which Will Prove Very Serviceable in the Stable.

Here is a handy homemade scraper, which is very useful to clean gutters and floors in stock barns, says the Orange Judd Farmer. If to be used in the gutter, the length of the blade



HANDY BARN SCRAPER.

should be slightly less than the width of the gutter. Usually eight by eighteen inches is sufficient, with a thickness of one inch. Bevel each edge, as shown, and bore two holes one inch or more in diameter midway between the fork and the end. Cut a small hickory sapling about two inches in diameter and five feet long. Draw an iron ring down tightly within a few feet of the lower end, or wind with a few turns of heavy wire. Split the short end of the pole and spread the two halves and fit into holes of common board, wedging tightly from the other side to make them firm.

Handle the Heifers.

While caring for the heifers we should take a few minutes each day and handle them. Were this done they would never have to be "broken" to milk, and there would be no jammed pails nor strained tempers. I can milk my heifers from either side without trouble, just as well as the older cows. I think it pays for the time taken, as they give their milk down more freely.

The Right Kind of a Farmer.

When a man takes me around and, with pride, shows me his calves and his lambs, I feel sure that that man is on the road to success. You do not find success patting the man on the back who is half-hearted or ashamed of his farm animals.—Farm Journal.

As Usual.

"What started the trouble between them?"
"Their marriage, I believe."—Hous-ton Post.

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STRAY CAT SAVES LIFE OF YOUNG PROTECTOR

Homeless Feline Wakes Youth Who Had Taken Him In When Gas Escapes.

New York.—Seven-year-old Harry Steinthal is the bright particular star around the corner of Eighth avenue and Forty-third street. Even the dogs and cats in the neighborhood know him, for he always stops to pet them. Thereby hangs the tale of how Spunk, a common neighborhood cat, saved the Steinthal family from death. One night Harry Steinthal saw Spunk slinking along between the trucks in the street and promptly rescued him for a romp in the Steinthal kitchen.

After supper the cat sneaked under the gas range and stretched out for a warm sleep in a dry nook. Little Har-



HARRY SAT UP WITH A SCREAM OF FRIGHT.

ry, with sticks in his weary eyes, climbed upstairs to bed.

There are eight members of the family, six of them children. Harry is the baby. Because it was a drear night the gas was left burning in one jet of the range to keep the house warm. In the morning Spunk woke up early and took a turn around the kitchen hoping to find something to eat. Just then the gas went out in the range.

The gas began to flow into the room and Spunk was frightened at the uncanny smell. A moment later little Harry, cuddled up in his bed upstairs, with the doors all open into the kitchen, felt something land on his bed with a bounce, and a second later the soft, purring nose of Spunk was nudging his chin.

Harry sat up with a scream of fright that brought his father and mother into the room in their night clothes.

Spunk was also sitting up in bed, looking excited.

"The cat jumped on the bed and frightened me!" said Harry.

Just then Mr. Steinthal smelled the gas pouring up the stairway and ran down to investigate. The kitchen was stifling with the odor, and the man hastily threw up the windows.

Patrolman Hembt heard the windows banged up and ran up, suspecting burglars. One look into the kitchen and a sniff and he ran out to call an ambulance from a hospital.

There was nothing for the surgeon to do, however.

"Spunk can stay with us as long as he lives," said Mrs. Steinthal later.

BARBAROUS BULLFIGHTS.

Three Animals Slaughtered Before Large Crowd at Annual Fiesta in the Philippines.

Zamboanga, Mindanao, Philippines.—The annual fiesta of the town was held recently with great pomp and ceremony. The afternoon was devoted to a Spanish bull-fight, held in a vacant lot a little distance from the government headquarters. The toreros consisted of several Spaniards and a few sons of wealthy mestizos.

A crowd of about 2,000 witnessed the affair, including the officials. The costumes of the toreros were picturesque, but there was a noticeable absence of courage; in fact, with the one exception, they had a severe attack of "cold feet." The exhibition was a disgraceful sight, and to the average American disgusting in the extreme. The victims were three bulls about two years old, and had been undoubtedly pets of some family.

With brandishing of swords by the fighters, band playing, and the American flags flying, the first bull was brought out, but he seemed to think the grass of more importance than the banderitas, and started to eat. He was handed over to a muchacho, who brought a second bull in the ring. After attempting to kill him with the aid of tin swords they finished him up after an hour's time by cutting his throat by slow stages. Cries of "Saca Carabao!" were heard from the grand stand, but no attention was paid to the sarcastic request.

The third bull, after being tortured for a lengthy period, found a champion in a little native policeman who relieved him of his suffering with a club.

Bullet Restores Sanity.

Toledo, O.—The most remarkable record of the Toledo state hospital is that of Mrs. Mary Fausz, who was recently discharged restored to reason and health by the means she took to end her life. Previous to entering the hospital Mrs. Fausz was of melancholy disposition, in poor health and attempted to commit suicide by firing a bullet into her brain. Doctors probed for the bullet, but failed to find it and sent the woman to the state hospital, where she was discharged Friday perfectly restored in health and mind. The bullet will be allowed to remain.

Speaking of Drawing.

First Manager—I see your leading man has had a cigar named after him.

Second Manager—Hope to gracious it will draw better than he does.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cheats.

A rogue met a pretty woman Stee, A widow, and made a free bet. And the lady found some acquaintance Said she'd wait for a season. If he'd not see her, she'd say, So the lady said she was engaged. —Pittsburgh Courier.

A Kindred Spirit.

"Do you admire Shakespeare?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He has my profound approval. There may be some question as to the authorship of his plays, but there is no doubt whatever that he was a mighty good business man.—Washington Star.

The Municipal Beefsteak.

Mrs. Knicker—Can Bridget cook a steak?

Mrs. Bocker—I've really never tasted any; when she burns it she gets the fire department, and when she doesn't she gives it to the police.—N. Y. Sun.

The Next Step.

"I don't want any government at all," said the anarchist.

"Supposing you succeeded in abolishing government?"

"Then I could step in and start one of my own."—Washington Star.

Often the Case.

Stella—Did you have a good time at Mrs. Chatterton's party?

Maude—No; Mrs. Chatterton worked so hard trying to make her guests feel at ease that she made everybody uncomfortable.—Chicago Daily News.

One Better.

Briggs—I knew a man once who could hold up a 500-pound weight. Think of it!

Rags—That's nothing. I knew a man once who could hold up a train! —Detroit Free Press.

Independence.

"We Americans cherish independence above all things."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "most of us go so far as to want to be independently rich."—Washington Star.

A Relic.

Old Friend—Did you pick up any souvenirs in Europe?

Billions—Yes, my daughter bought a count from one of those antique families over there.—Detroit Free Press.

The Idiotic Joker.

The Observant Individual—How high in the air the telephone company strings its wires!

The Idiotic Joker—Yes. Evidently it wants to keep up the conversation.—Judge.

Her Shortage Called.

Hubby—At least, my dear, out of respect for me—

Wife—There, you've called the turn exactly. That's the commodity I'm entirely out of.—Judge.

Paper Bedclothes.

Bacon—They are advertising paper blankets. Ever see any of 'em?

Egbert—No; but I've seen sheets of paper.—Yonkers Statesman.

Unless They're Drowned.

Smarte—You're as mad as a flea. Simple—Are fleas mad?

Smarte—Certainly! most of them die cracked, don't they?

Disqualified.

Knicker—Has Jones investigated anything?

Bocker—No, indeed; he is a detective.—N. Y. Sun.

Brave Girl Prevents Wreck.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Two passenger trains were saved from being wrecked near here the other day by Mary McCall, 16 years old, the daughter of a track walker living at Clark's Ferry. The girl saw a huge boulder roll from the mountain side onto the tracks near her home. It fell between the tracks, obstructing both. Taking a lantern she ran down the track and stopped the express within a few yards of the obstruction. She then hurried in the other direction and stopped the fast line. The tracks were later cleared of the rock by a wrecking crew.

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